

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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He dash'd the tear-drop from his eye;  
His bosom rep'ld the rising sigh—  
It beat with patriot ardour high.  
And thus he spoke unconsciously!

"Yes! freely should my every vein,  
Its latest drop of life-blood drain—  
Myself would swell the heap of slain—  
To win my country's Liberty!"

EMILY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### 3d LETTER OF OMICRON.

The importance and excellence of the female sex, in civilized society—their charms, their foibles, and their virtues, have been the themes of writers in all languages, and have inspired the poets of every clime. The lover and poet have equally taxed their inventive powers to form epithets sufficiently expressive of their feelings towards the sex, whose beauties have inspired the brightest productions of genius, and whose smiles have rewarded the enterprise for encountering the greatest dangers, or the endurance of the severest pains. Women are wrought up with our earliest and dearest recollections—their tenderness is our refuge in affliction, and their affectionate solicitude can smooth the rugged approach to the grave! Who is there can consider woman in all her strength of conscious virtue—in all her acknowledged loveliness—in all her endearing and attractive weaknesses, without wishing to pay her that homage which is so justly due? Who that would not be glad to shield her from all suffering, and show his gratitude for the happiness derived from her society, by strewing her way through life with flowers? Hard must be the heart that can look on the distress or misery of the female sex without compassion—whether they be suffering the consequences of folly or frailty—of neglect, inattention, ignorance, or accident. Infinitely more cruel is the one who sees evil impending over them, and is silent, when he might give timely warning—who is too infirm of purpose to declare the magnitude of the danger, lest he run a risk of being charged with unfeigned officiousness.

Such were my reflections on the lovely sex, gentle reader, as my gouty foot, involved in soft flannel, was deposited by a pair of delicate hands, on a downy pillow. It was a tribute of gratitude, elicited by an act which called to mind all the thousand kindnesses received at their hands, and was as sincerely uttered as if it were a prayer for delivery from the gout itself. It was impossible to avoid yielding to the train of thought thus awakened, and I forthwith fell to thinking of the various evils attendant on their peculiar nature, and the cruel injuries they were exposed to from some absurd prejudices of education. This called to my recollection the many sweet girls who had perished under my own eye, having been snatched up, willing victims, by their parents, at the time of that unfeigned malice!

FRANCIS.

STANZAS.—Inscribed to Sympathy.

Glittering in the morning ray—  
Mild as that of summer eve;  
With the sun's first stream spray;  
Beauteous as you orient glow,  
Pencilled o'er the western sky—  
Soft as ethereal wavy down,  
Gleaming by the light of eve;  
Soft as the sun's sweet fire,  
The soothng charms of Sympathy.

Salt as Grecian's silver ray,  
Rounding on the distant wave—  
Mild as gentle zephyr's ray—  
On the bosom of summer eve;  
Soft as the sun's sweet fire,  
With the sun's first stream spray—  
Beauteous as you orient glow,  
Pencilled o'er the western sky—  
Soft as ethereal wavy down,  
Gleaming by the light of eve;  
Soft as the sun's sweet fire,  
The soothng charms of Sympathy!

ELLEN.

VANITY.

What is that little giddy thing,  
That roves about on wanton wing,  
And loves each thing that prettys—  
That often sits on the poet's desk,  
And makes with the coxcomb's droll,  
Forrusing him he's witty!

IDA.

THE WITCH.

She wad high in air her burning brand,  
Her figure mud quick o'er the lighted land,  
And her dancing hempen feet were light,  
As if she wad in air, her hooly flight.

“Bath brighter, my bosom!” the wild bag cried,  
As faster and faster the onward fly'd.

“For thy brightness shall lighten the earth and the sea,  
And before thee the darkness of midnight shall flee!”

The green-grass faded as onward the pace;  
One touch of her foot its verdure did blast;

The wild rose dropp'd as she hurried on,

And each flower with'd she breath'd upon!

“Burn brighter, my bosom!” was still her ery,

As mountains and rivers she hurried by,

“Thy sister light is fast on fire,

And their brightness is gather'd from the bones of the dead!”

“Our bosom-bright, the right shall be,  
Around the stem of our blashed tree,

And a nameless one shall be dashing there,

By the light that falls from their deadly glare.”

EVERAND.

they wish they were out of sight, and a dull gloom hangs over a room full of light young hearts, who, if left to the well-governed influence of nature, would have made the echoes resound with their agreeable and delightful cheerfulness.

At the last party given by Aunt Barbara, a catastrophe was occasioned that destroyed a new silk gown, broke a venerated tea urn, scolded Aunt Barbara's pet cat, and entirely overthrew my gravity. Aunt, with a great deal of old-fashioned politeness, invited Miss Mistletoe Minkin to pour out tea, and Miss Alice to sit with her. Both of my nephews were at the party, and the young ladies were very much engaged, and Miss Abby performed to admiration; but, toward the conclusion of the repast, Oscar who had lost his cup. When it was filled, poor Abby, who must make an effort to show her high regard for this young gentleman, did not send his cup by the servant, but rose to hand it graciously across the table herself. So far, all was well—but when she sank down to her chair, the unfortunate bush (hickory, frying-pan handle, what you will) caught in the high edge of Aunt Bab's famous old wister, tilted the urn into her own lap, sliced the poor cat who sat by her chair, and who flew screaming out of the room, while the ladies uttered various pretty squeaks, and the gentlemen rushed to her assistance. After this young lady had withdrawn, we were re-seated, and consoling ourselves it was no worse, when our recently arrived friend, Mr. Klaus Rosenbaum graciously offered to Oscar across the table, “It is altogether impossible for me to understand the opus of de tray, which, by his own knavery, should remain on the table.”

Oscar cast his eyes knowingly on Miss Mistletoe Stiffiton, and asked her (who was a spunking article of the same kind) to be so good as to explain the matter, for the benefit of his friend. This was too much; the ladies looked down—aside—around—and finally, the whole company burst into an unanimous fit of laughter, which liked to have been uncontrollable, because, during the whole of it, Mr. Klaus was staring, with unfeigned astonishment, on all the company, and looking as grave as a judge about to pass a sentence!

After all, this is no laughing matter. To see youth, and grace, and beauty, destroyed by such a preposterous effort to make beauty, by producing deformity and disease, is, under every circumstance, a melancholy contemplation. How many bereaved husbands, afflicted orphans, and heart-broken lovers, may lay to the account of the unnatural vanity, all their sufferings! The consequences are not alone felt by an individual, but transmitted to their children, whose sickly and emaciated forms, trembling at every breath of invigorating air, might have been robust and hardy, had not their mother *imposed* her figure to the destruction of her health, by compressing her lungs to the utmost, and subsisting on half the proper quantity of air. Will women always continue thus blind to their own best interests—and will not some of them perceive that there is no beauty which is not in accord with health and nature, if any advice, persuasion, or entreaties, can influence them, they may rest assured of the most hearty and sincere efforts of their friend OMICRON.

### SPECIMENS

#### OF A PATENT POCKET DICTIONARY.

FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO WISH TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THINGS AS WELL AS WORDS.

Debt National.—Mortgaging the property of our posterity that we may be better enabled to destroy our contemporaries.

Debates.—An useless wagging of tongues where the noses have been already counted.

Destiny.—The scapegoat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible when we have no wish to strive against it.

Dice.—Playthings which the Devil sets in motion when he wants a new supply of knaves, beggars, and sculicides.

Dissolute.—That which we all of us wear on our hearts, and many of us on our faces.

Doctor.—According to Voltaire, one whose business it is to pour drugs, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.

Ditch.—A place in which those who have taken too much wine are apt to take a little water.

Dogs.—A quadruped of great use in leading bipeds that have lost any of their senses, such as blind beggars, sportsmen, &c.

Dose.—A short nap enjoyed by many people after dinner on a week day, and after the text on a Sunday.

Dram.—A small quantity taken in immoderate quantity by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

Egoism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Elbow.—That part of the body which it is most dangerous to shake.

Elopement.—Beginning in disobedience that which commonly ends in misery.

Emboiling.—Perpetrating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

Enthusiasm.—Spiritual intoxication.

Eney.—The way in which we punish ourselves for being inferior to others.

Ephemeral.—The whole of modern literature.

Epicure.—One who lives to eat instead of eating to live.

Errata.—Deathbed confessions of a book.

Fashion.—The voluntary slavery which leads us to think, act, and dress according to the judgment of fools and the caprice of cowards.

Fee, Doctor's.—An attempt to purchase health from one who cannot secure his own. See Fee simple.

Felicity.—The horizon of the heart which is always receding as we advance towards it.

Finance.—Legerdemain performed by figures.

Finger.—An appendage worn in a ring, and of great use in taking snuff.

Fishery.—The agriculture of the sea.

Flattery.—Throwing dust in people's eyes generally for the purpose of picking their pockets.

Fool.—What a fool sees in the looking-glass.

Fortune, a man of.—One who is so unfortunate as to be released from the necessity of employment for the mind, and exercise for the body, the two great constituents of happiness and health; who has every thing to fear and nothing to hope; and who consequently speaks of anxiety and emui more than the value of his money.

Friendship.—A mutual interest, or common interest, in which two or more persons are engaged.

Frugality.—The art of saving.

Garrison.—A man who is a slave to his country.

Gas.—A noxious gas.

Gaslight.—A light made by gas.

Gasometer.—A vessel for holding gas.

Gasometer.—A vessel

with her "Love among the roses," till one's head actually turns giddy." "I will mention to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson, "in the very same day to another particular friend at the Bazaar in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's going on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there; I caught her in the act of screwing her pincushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethercole's mahogany table—what right has she to set him pincushions?" The contest of work-table versus harpsichord now grew warm—betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson purse, and the odds were in her favour; the widow Jackson sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinner now hemmed half a dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N., surmounted with a couple of red hearts—it was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish Melodies, and started off a score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza, and I am glad it did for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time, Love, tired of his aromatic station "among the roses," of all places in the world began to take up his abode among the dusty Law Books, in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethercole's chambers. Certain amateur worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coils and white wigs of the legal authors who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereby by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Tasso, with his art of Love in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius: Tibullus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone; Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgment, and "the industrious Giles Jacob" could not keep his two quarto together from the assurance of one Waller, who had taken post between them. In short, the Sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethercole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings, reful with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingston-upon-Hamers.

Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the Sergeant departed in his olive-green chaise, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden-cross, Charing-cross. There was a vacant seat in the Maidstone coach; the widow occupied it at twelve noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly despatching a roast-fowl at the Star-inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-saucer, and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite. The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town Malling, a mere step off, and the second averred an eager desire to hear the Sergeant plead. On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the Sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affection of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country; the lady consented; they moralized a few minutes upon the *hier jucets* in the church-yard, and thence strode into the adjoining fields where certain labourers had piled the wooden proppings of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in canonical (quere, comical) shapes, not unlike the spire of the New Church in Langham-place. The rain now began to fall; one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Eh! plement Dida dux et Trojans." Ah! those pyramidal pop-holes! The widow's brother from Town Malling was serving upon the Grand Jury; his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own; he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out, and Nicholas Nethercole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethercole, was a prudent woman, and wished, "submissio to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or a foolish deed (here the lady frowned) never to own it; never to suffer judgment to go by default; and thus remain in mercy," but boldly to plead a justification. I have a manuscript note of a case in pain in which I was concerned. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented the Hackney assemblies, carrying my pumps in my pocket. Jack Peters (he is now at Bombay) and myself, went thither, as usual, on a moonlight Monday and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney stage on the following morning was returned non est inventus, without giving notice of the set off; the Clapton coach was therefore engaged to hold our bodies in safe custody, and then safely deposit at the Flower-pot, in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we supper out our first cup of Southwark, when the Clapton coach stopped at the door. Here was a demureur! Jack was for striking out the breakfast and joining issue with the two other inside passengers. But I said no, finish the muffins; for half an hour's time; and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice for a set off, entering the vehicle with a heavy-damned sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders that if there was any importance in their Bill we would strike it out without a reference to the Master. The scheme took, and before we reached Saint Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage; if you do, there will be end to their remonstrances; leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle.

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said that lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward," echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable; a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is not better than she should be!" "That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding." "Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about brother Van and brother Bear." "Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may possibly be no issue by the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pairs of horses in telling all her friends from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace in the Regent's park, how shamefully Miss Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the Register-office above mentioned, to transfer her affection to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor, barrister, and inseparable crony of Nethercole's, who she opined, must now many years lack of knowledge what to do with himself. alas! she was a day too late; he had that

very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nemo's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Sergeant Nethercole was on the wane,—My spirit

"Popped through the key-hole swift as light."

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The smutty poets were refuted to their upper-shelf; the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.

## EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

From late English papers received at New-York.

Mr. Appleton, of the American legation to Spain, had passed through London and embarked at Liverpool for New York. The London Morning Chronicle gives a letter from Madrid, of Dec. 7th, as follows:

"In my last I mentioned the American Minister having sent off his Secretary at a short notice with despatches to Washington—the cause now comes out. The King, in his wisdom formally demands of the United States to recall the recognition of the independence of the several Spanish Countries in America, under pain, in case of refusal, of issuing a royal decree, revoking the cession of the Floridas."

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 3.—"On Saturday night last, the ship *Diamond*, capt. Henry Macy, from New-York, laden with cotton, struck upon the Causway, near the east end, and sunk in 7 fathoms water. An express came to me last night for a vessel or boat to go off directly to take six men from the rigging—The Preventive boat immediately went, and I hope was successful. It is not yet returned, being in the district of Barmouth. It is reported ten men were drowned. One man got safe on shore."

The following is a list of the passengers who sailed in the *Diamond*—Mr. John Betterly, lady, and daughter, underwood of Baltimore; Messrs. William Walker, and — Walker, from Philadelphia; Messrs. Robert Givan, junior, John Nicholson, John and Joseph Broadbent, and Wm. Wood, of New-York; H. N. Gilbert, of Louisiana; Dr. Strutt, of London; Mr. McDonald, residence not known—and 15 in the steerage.

A company has just been formed, for working the great silver mines at Pasco, in Peru, with a capital of £600,000.

Under date of Trieste, Dec. 10, it is mentioned, that a letter from the aid-de-camp of Admiral Sackting, dated Cape St. Angelo, Nov. 8th, (20th) was in circulation, on the subject of an action which took place on the 1st (13th) of November, off Candia, which is said to have terminated in the total destruction of the Egyptian fleet.

There is considerable bustle on Irish affairs. Mr. O'Connell has been arrested, and his arrest has caused great commotion in Dublin.

The pawnbrokers of Dublin have been required to send in returns to government of the name and address of individuals who should redeem from them any pledge description of firearms. The pawnbrokers are likewise ordered to send in a list of all the fire-arms they have in their possession.

The Duke of Trias and Abrantes, Count Alcantara, the Marquis Ceralvo and Alcaniz, with 30 others who had been banished from court, had all been brought in chains, like malefactors, to Madrid, for being Constitutionists. Out of 50 grandees of the first class and largest estates, who formerly resided at Madrid, 30 are banished and 10 are in dungeons. None have kept their places except the Duke of Infante.

On the 10th Nov. the Greek and Turkish fleets had a battle between Co. and Candia, but were separated by a tempest. One of the Turkish frigates was set on fire.

It is reported that the King of Spain talks of abdicating, and returning to the Escorial with his Queen.

The coronation of the King of France was to take place at the close of the sessions—probably in May or June.

The deficit in the Spanish finances for the ensuing year, is estimated at 350,000,000 reals. The Greeks have officially announced the blockade of Patras and Lepanto.

There has been a great inundation in Ilanover.

A letter from vice-admiral Sacton, dated cap. Malea, Nov. 20th, to his friends at Trieste, states, that in the battle of Nov. 13, near the great fortress of Candia, with the Egyptians, the Greeks obtained a complete victory, and took more than 20 transports, with troops, arms, and many persons of distinction. He says the happiness and safety of the country are now secured.

The case of Foote vs. Hayne, was tried in the Court of King's Bench, on the 21st of last month, and a part of it occupies 14 close columns of the Courier. The jury retired for a few minutes, and brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £3000. It was a breach of promise of marriage, and excited intense interest.

In the north western part of Spain, the state of things was distressing in the extreme, on account of the civil dissensions.

A gentleman who left Madrid on the 19th of Dec. states, that petitions had been presented to the King from 40 principal towns, praying for the re-establishment of the inquisition; and also that the king has plainly declared that he will never recognise the laws of the Cortes.

## MR. SAVERY, OF BRISTOL.

Extract of a letter, dated Cowes, Dec. 10:

"Sailed yesterday, the American ship Hudson, Chapman, master, for New-York, with passengers. When the ship was under way, a Mr. Savery, merchant, at Bristol, who had embarked on board her the preceding day, was taken out of the ship by a constable from this place, accompanied by a gentleman, who is a partner of his; it appears he is suspected of forgery. Immediately after Mr. Savery saw his partner come alongside the Hudson, he threw himself overboard, but was prevented but was prevented from being drowned. He then attempted to make away with himself by dashing himself against the side of the ship.—He is at present at the Vine inn, in custody of two police officers, who are forced to watch him very diligently to prevent his committing suicide. He is in a dreadful state of mind and acknowledges that his crime is as bad as Fauntleroy's. On the tide surveyor's mustering the crew of the Hudson, Mr. Savery passed by the name of Henry Serrington—Globe and Traveller.

On the 23d of December, Mr. Savery, of Bristol, was brought before the Magistrates, for a final examination, and after a patient and careful inquiry, was fully committed to Newgate, (Bristol) for trial. Mr. P. Protheroe is reluctantly compelled to be the prosecutor, whose name he has forged for £14,000. A person from Birmingham deposed to such facts, as left the Magistrates no option as to his commitment.

The sale of Fauntleroy's effects at Brighton, commenced on the 29th Dec. It is said Lord Whitworth bought the villa, with its fixtures for 14,500 pounds sterling.

One pound of American cotton, which costs £16, is by the labour of Nottingham manufacturers, converted, without any expense except that of labor, into a manufacture d'art, which sells for £51 10s.

A young man named Hugh Russell, a native of Scotland, walked 102 English miles, on the Mardyke, Cork, in 25 successive hours. In the first hour he walked six miles and a half, and continued a regular pace of four miles an hour, until he finished his task.

Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the steam-gun, has stated, that it might be made to throw a ball of a ton weight from Dover to Calais!!

OTTERS.—Only one vessel appeared at Billingsgate on the 24th instant, and oysters in consequence were sold at five guineas a bushel.

A St. Petersburg article says, the population of the whole Russian empire, including the kingdom of Poland and the principality of Finland, amounted, at the beginning of the year, according to very creditable statements, to 35,768,000 souls. In the same article it is averred that the population of Russia increases annually half a million.

LONDON, Dec. 31.

Caraboo.—The extraordinary young woman, who several years ago, excited considerable attention at Bristol, by representing herself as the Princess Caraboo, daughter of a great Eastern Prince, has lately returned to Withbridge, her native place, on a visit to her mother. It is understood, that since she figured at Bristol, she went to America, with two ladies of that country.—When she left home about seven years ago, she was a servant in a farmer's house; she now appears a well educated woman, perfectly genteel in her manners and dress, and extremely fond of books, but very reserved in her communications respecting herself.

## WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

The Legislature of this state on Tuesday last, made another unsuccessful effort to elect a senator—seven candidates were voted for—the two highest were, Mr. Marks 31, Mr. Sergeant 20: no choice.

Mr. L. L. Persico's has relief head of Liberty, modelled by order of the United States, Mint for the new coin, is now exhibited at the Academy of Fine Arts. This is a beautiful specimen of talent and will gratify every spectator.

The notes of the Columbia Bridge Company will be received at par, at the Schuylerkill Bank, in this city.

Upwards of one million eight hundred thousand dollars were coined during the last year at the mint in this city, principally silver. New dies are about to be cut with a new figure of Liberty, by means of which the appearance of the coin is expected to be much improved. It is calculated that two millions will be coined during the present year.

The manuscript of Lord Byron's private letters, suppressed in England by the Chancery Court, is now in the hands of Messrs. Carey & Lea, of this city, who have put it to press, and will publish it shortly.

Drewes's New System of Midwifery was about to be reprinted and published in London, and is highly esteemed there.

The historical work of Sir James Mackintosh, was expected to appear many months ago, is unaccountably delayed, and the press made in it remains unknown.

The treatise of Mr. Perkins on the Steam Engine, is in forwardness.

A new set of Illustrations of the Sketch Book is in preparation and will be published in this city by Messrs. Carey & Lea.

Some adroit arithmeticians have calculated, that at a yearly consumption of 40,000 tons, the mine of the Lehigh Coal Company would last nearly 7000 years.

The snow-storm on Saturday night week, four vessels went ashore and were lost on the coast of North Carolina, near Roanoke Island, 25 or 30 miles south of Currituck Inlet. The lives of all on board were providentially saved—but some of them barely saved.

We have received from Potsdam, in this state, a very neatly printed little paper, by the title of *THE LA FAYETTE AUBREY*.

The bill to incorporate a Company for making a Canal from the waters of the Chesapeake to those of Ohio, has passed the Senate of Maryland, after being rejected on the day preceding, by a majority of one vote. [Good.]

Gen. William McDonald has been appointed Major General of the 3d Brigade of Maryland Militia, in the place of General Stricker, who declined accepting the vacancy occasioned by the death of General Harper, and Colonel George H. Stuart is appointed Brigadier General in his stead.

Our readers may recollect the recent assassination of Spottswood Mills, at Natchitoches, by a Dr. Prevost, and the trial and conviction of the Doctor. We observe, in the New Orleans papers, that Governor Johnson has had the firmness to resist the applications for the pardon of the murderer.

The four story store No. 86, Pine street, New-York, was destroyed by fire on Monday night last, said to be of an incendiary nature.

Mr. Opie is about to publish, in England, a work entitled, "Illustrations of Lying in all its various Branches."

Of the 6,801,827 souls which constitute the population of Ireland, 3,341,926 are males, and 3,459,901 are females. The number of persons chiefly employed in agriculture is 1,138,069; of those engaged in trade, manufacture and mechanic arts, 1,170,041.

Lorenzo de Medicis being asked, Who are the greatest fools in the world, replied, "Those surely who put themselves in a position with fools."

He who elopes with another man's wife, is a fool, though by his folly he is rendering an essential service to his neighbor.

HARRINGTON, CONN. Jan. 25.—A pig but ten months old, raised by Mr. Elijah Sweetland, of this town, was killed last week, which, when dressed, weighed four hundred and twenty-two pounds!

A woman named Peggy Facto, convicted at Plattsburg of the murder of her infant child, has been sentenced to be executed on the 18th March next.

At the monthly sessions of the Mayor's Court in Philadelphia for December last, 142 complaints were before the grand jury, 97 bills of indictment found, 114 tried, and 72 convicted had.

A bill is to be brought before the New-York Legislature, for preventing stockholders of Banks from voting upon stocks, which they have pledged to the bank and obtained discounts upon. Such a law would undoubtedly tend to preserve the solvency of banking institutions.

The varioloid, usually known by the name of the small pox, has made its appearance in New-Haven, Conn. On the first inst. there were however only two or three cases in that place.

The Boston Spectator, a new paper recently commenced in Boston, is said to have employed the talents of the well known Percival, in its political department. If this is the case its patronage will rapidly increase.

A correspondent of the Boston Gazette, advises the Massachusetts Legislature, to suppress the collusive sale of lottery tickets sent from distant States, by authorizing the authorities to examine all letters which might pass through the post office.

ANTHER.—One of these ferocious animals

has been seen on the Welch Mountain, in county, Pa. Several sheep have been killed by him. A party of about twelve men were unsuccessful in their pursuit; but another, sufficiently large to surround him, will assemble for a second attack.

The Boston papers state that the amount of Banking capital in Massachusetts, according to the returns lately made to the General Court, is \$13,300,000, on which the annual State tax is \$13,000. The number of Banks is forty, and the amount of their discounts, and other debts to them is \$1,257,338. The amount of bills in circulation is \$756,564, and on specie on hand, \$1,560,857.

Some months ago, a lead mine was discovered in Shenandoah county, Va. upon the lands of Dr. Hubb. Since that time workmen have been engaged in excavating the earth, and the experiment it is said, has greatly exceeded the most sanguine expectation. The ore is remarkably pure; very much in its appearance, like that of Missouri. It appears to be very plentiful, and is calculated to yield 75 per cent.

From a report of the New York city inspector, it appears that the death during the last year in that city, were 4341; being an excess of 897 over the deaths of the preceding year.

On the evening of the 15th ult. the stage from Boston to Concord, (N. H.) was upset near Hooksett Bridge, and precipitated down the side of the road from 30 to 40 feet. The top of the carriage was torn to pieces, but the passengers, six in number, suffered little

injury



